

WOMAN AND THE HOME—NEW SUMMER FASHIONS AND IDEAS—PRIZE SUGGESTIONS



THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

By Ellen Adair

Mistaken Vocations

"I'M SO tired of life that I've determined to end it," was the opening sentence in a letter written by a little country school teacher and sent to her parents on the morning of the day she shot herself.

"Temporary insanity" was the verdict at the coroner's inquest. And "temporary insanity" covers a multitude of sorrows and disappointments.

The little school teacher, for instance, had fixed on the wrong career for herself. She didn't know what she really wanted to be—or do—and to her, as to so many other thoughtless girls, one career seemed as good, or as bad, as another.

A lack of ambition, combined with a strange lack of common sense, is at the bottom of these unfortunate selections which work havoc in so many girls' lives.

At the silk counter of a large department store stood a pale, tired-looking girl, the whole droop of her figure showing weariness.

"I'm afraid you are very tired," said a kindly customer in passing. "My mind's tired; that's all," said the girl slowly, "and that's the hardest kind of tiredness to bear."

"I suppose you have no choice but to work here?" said the customer sympathetically. "Oh, this job's as good as another," said the girl wearily, "but I hate living in the city and I don't seem able to get accustomed to it. If I could only go back to the country I would be perfectly happy. But my people moved into the city three years ago, and so here I am."

Here she was, indeed, and very much so! And yet how much happier that country-bred girl would have been back in her old haunts on some farm where she could have been really useful and happy in work that suited her special tastes.

"Wouldn't you care to act as help to some farmer's wife?" said the customer compassionately. The girl's tired face brightened for a moment, but fell again. "My people would never let me go," she said dutily. "They would say that such work was un ladylike, and that the city offered better chances than the country. So here I am!"

The problem of the uncongenial vocation sometimes is very hard to solve. But to a great extent the choice rests with ourselves. "There is no defeat except from within. There is really no insurmountable barrier save your own inherent weakness of purpose."

What a girl spends on her trousseau depends altogether on what she's got and what she's been used to.

This indubitable bit of philosophy was voiced by one Mary Finlan, a pretty blue-eyed lady's maid who is working industriously at 502 Walnut street until the time arrives for her to bid good-bye to the home in which she is now employed and take up her position as mistress in her own.

When the June roses begin to bloom Mary is going to get married. Her fiancé, a big, husky fellow who used to be a seaman, is now an engineer and makes \$30 a week. They are going to start life modestly in a little home that will not rent for more than \$14 or \$15 a month.

For the benefit of other young working girls whose weekly earnings are in the neighborhood of from \$5 to \$7 a week this young woman consented to speak of some of the practical preparations she has made and the money she has spent.

"I've been saving things for my trousseau for over a year," she explained, "and some of my prettiest things have been given to me, so that to estimate the cost in dollars and cents would be a hard thing to do, though when everything is counted in, my things will not amount to \$15 worth; I am sure of that."

Mary Finlan is handy. That is part of her business. All of the dresses in her outfit will be old ones refurbished. A touch here and a touch there, and presto! such a change is effected that few eyes, and surely no masculine ones, would remember having seen it before.

She will have the six precious sets of lingerie so necessary to the bride's peace of mind. In addition, she will have a brand new wedding suit with a spit-and-sparan chapeau and straight-from-the-store shoes.

"I shall get a good suit, even if I have to pay \$25 or \$30 for it," she said, "because it will be the suit in which I am married, and because a great deal of wear can always be gotten out of a serviceable coat and skirt. It will probably be dark blue, and with it I am going to have a new waist to match."

"I believe that every girl who hasn't very much to spend would be wise to buy a suit and be married in that rather than to spend the money for a fussy white gown which she will never be able to wear again, or at least which she will only be able to wear on a few special occasions."

"Our honeymoon will not cost much. A week, perhaps, at some nearby seashore. After that we will go to house-keeping in a little home that we haven't picked out yet. Of course, my husband will furnish it, simply, but we want to get things that will last. Taken all in all, I don't think marriage is so expensive. Ours isn't going to be, anyway."

The Daily Story

Who Was Fooled?

Billy Parker grinned joyously. It would be such a good joke on Miss Allen to send the letter. Here Hugh had been in the Philippines for two years. What would she think when she received a local letter in the well-remembered handwriting?

In his mind's eye he could see her eagerly tearing open the letter in the postoffice. He would be outside to yell "April fool!" Miss Allen always stopped for her mail on her way to school. There could be no possible chance of a slip-up if he mailed the letter Sunday.

He had been looking in Hugh's desk for some fish hooks when he had run across the envelope, carefully tucked away in the bottom of a drawer. There had been a time when he had carried a lot of the selfsame letters to the teacher, but that had been before Hugh began to talk about the Philippines as a place for young men to grow up with the country.

All day Sunday Billy grieved over his anticipated joke, and Monday morning he entirely ignored the fanned cakes that he might be certain to be at the postoffice in time, and went off leaving his mother greatly concerned over his falling appetite. Usually Billy preferred fanned cakes to promiscuity at school.

He had not long to wait for presently Nita Allen came briskly along and entered the postoffice. As she turned away Billy noted that she held in her hand only a long blue envelope and a newspaper. He thought "April fool!" of fanned cakes as he realized that his April Fool had miscarried, and turned and followed Miss Allen down the street.

There were the coming banks played in the school yard, but Billy, always the leader in all mischief, stood apart and wondered. He was certain that he had stamped the letter properly, and anyway Mr. Meade had brought her letter to her and collected the money had the stamp fallen off. It was something he could not understand, though he puzzled his brain until the last bell rang and he slipped into his seat just in time.

Some one must have been playing jokes on the teacher, for her eyes snapped and about her mouth there played a smile that made Billy want to run her. Even when Ned Matthews sought to pick up a reader only to have it jerked from beneath his grasp by a bit of thread, Miss Allen only looked the other way and tapped with her pencil on the desk, though surely at other times the source of this demonstration would have been as patent to her as to the class.

During the lunch hour Billy's mystification was further increased, for stopping at the postoffice, he asked for mail for Miss Allen. "She was expecting two letters this morning and she only got one," he explained to Mr. Meade. "Go on with your April fool jokes," he laughed good naturedly. "She got two letters this morning."

Billy knew better, but there was no use asking questions. He had seen her come out with just the one big envelope and that was from the School Committee. The other was not under the bit one, for he had pretended to drop his as an excuse to look at the under side and he had been nothing hidden beneath.

But if Billy had hung about the schoolroom after the lunch hour, his investigations at the postoffice he would have seen that Mr. Meade was right, for on the teacher's desk was the envelope he had dropped with her pencil on the desk, though surely at other times the source of this demonstration would have been as patent to her as to the class.

"I have not the courage to speak," it ran, "but I am sure that Monday on the 4:30. If your answer is 'yes' will you meet me at the train. If you are not there I shall know the answer is 'no,' but if you are, please be there to greet me. The others think I am coming on the night train and we shall have a chance to talk over. On each place a message placed with a fork and bake in a hot oven."

Rhubarb Shortcake—Mix a cupful of chopped dates to two cupfuls of cooked rhubarb, sweeten to taste and simmer together for six to eight minutes. Put between two layers of a plain cake and serve with or without whipped cream.

O'Leary, V. C., Not Dead, So He Says LONDON, June 2.—Sergeant Michael O'Leary, who won the Victoria Cross by killing eight men and capturing two trenches, all alone, has written to his parents, after reading obituary notices proclaiming him the bravest man in the British army. His letter says: "I see in today's papers that I have been killed in action. No; I am still on the firing line doing my bit for King and country. I trust God is not going to call me soon, or until I have done a bit more for my country. I came out of the last battle with only a few scratches, thank God!" O'Leary's death was reported in London last Friday.



LATE STYLES IN SUMMER GOWNS

JUNE BRIDE WHO CAN TWIST AND TURN HAS \$62 TROSSEAU

Her Largest Item of Expense Was a \$25 Traveling Suit in Which to Be Married. Doesn't Want a "Fussy" White Gown.

Table listing items in a trousseau and their costs: Traveling suit in which she is married (\$25), Hat (\$5), Blouse (\$4), Shoes (\$4), Linen (six sets) (\$10), Hosiery (six pairs) (\$3), Refreshing old dresses (\$15), Incidentals (gloves, handkerchiefs, neckwear) (\$5), Total (\$62).

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PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the EVENING LEDGER prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, EVENING LEDGER, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Mary E. Gordon, 5435 Lansdowne avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

One of the finest substitutes for a mustard plaster, and held to be far superior to the mustard product by those who use it, is as follows: neither blisters nor breaks the skin, yet accomplishes the same work, is the red pepper plaster. This is made by taking equal parts of red pepper and flour and mixing them into a paste with warm water or warm vinegar. Spread it on the thinnest sort of gauze, muslin or veiling and apply it on the skin.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Marie Steere, 1412 North Linden street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

When you darn your stockings, try this method for preventing the darn from tearing away from the goods when it is washed: Hold your darning cotton over the "warming spot" of the tea kettle before you use it. This will shrink the wool and the threads will never tear.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. S. Kuser, 538 South 33d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Waterproof Matches—Before you go camping or away on a voyage, prepare some waterproof matches and see that they are always at hand. In a small tin vessel mix some paraffin, and, while it is still hot, dip the end of each match into this, and lay it out carefully until cool and dry. The coating of paraffin makes the match absolutely waterproof.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Billy Shares His Feast

ONE bright morning in the summer time Tommy Sparrow returned from his morning fly over the country and settled down on the apple tree at the edge of the garden. He smoothed his tail feathers, licked off his bill (he hadn't taken time to do that since finding his breakfast out in the woods), and brushed up his feathers on the top of his head. Then he looked around.

Right over there in the middle of the garden was Billy Robin. "Hello there, Billy Robin," called Tommy Sparrow, but Billy didn't look up or answer; he was just right along tending to his own business—which seemed to be digging up the dirt that had recently been worked.

"Now what can he be doing?" Tommy Sparrow asked himself. "I think I'll watch and see. He seems to be eating something—but what the something can be I'm sure of that." Tommy Sparrow sat very still on the lower limb of the old apple tree and watched. Up and down the garden Billy Robin walked, pecking, pecking, pecking at the ground in the most regular fashion. "He must be eating pebbles," said Tommy Sparrow to himself in great disgust. "I'll watch a while longer to be sure."

So Tommy Sparrow watched what seemed to him a long, long time, then he could stand it no longer—you know the sparrows family are noted for their patience rather than their patience, and Tommy was no exception to the rule. He must find out what Billy Robin was doing and why.

"Billy Robin," he called. "No answer—Billy went right along tending to his own business." "Billy Robin! Billy Robin! Look here! I want to talk to you!" he repeated.

Thus addressed, Billy Robin heard and looked over to the apple tree. "Oh, good morning, Tommy Sparrow," he answered politely. "What is it I can do for you?" "You can tell me what you are doing," said Tommy Sparrow.

"Billy Robin," said Tommy Sparrow, "that doesn't sound very good, but I would think you would know better than to eat pebbles. I'm eating worms."

"Billy Robin," said Tommy Sparrow, "where do you get them?"

"Out of the ground," replied Billy Robin, disgusted at Tommy's stupidity. "You can see." Unconcernedly he resumed his walking up and down and his meal.

"Yes, I see you eating," said Tommy Sparrow in a puzzled voice, "but there wasn't any corn around this garden when I left my nest this morning. I know, because I hunted worms in that very place and not finding any went to the woods for my breakfast."

"Which just goes to prove that you would do better to watch your own garden rather than to forage elsewhere," explained Billy Robin. "After you left this morning a little boy came out of the house and planted this patch of corn. He thinks he is going to have a fine patch of corn for popcorn this fall. He planted it all in neat rows, too. It's very good eating, better help yourself!"

Tommy needed no urging. He flew down and soon learned the trick of following the rows and getting the most crop for the least trouble.

So that in the real season why there was such a poor crop of popcorn from that carefully planted patch!

"It must be eating pebbles!" said Tommy Sparrow to himself in great disgust.

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DUCKS SHEDWATER WHITE SHOE DRESSING

Advertisement for Ducks Shedwater White Shoe Dressing, featuring an illustration of a child and a box of the product. Text includes: 'is the only preparation that is so easy to use a child can apply it. Ducks makes Suede, Canvas, Duck or Buckskin shoes velvety white—makes them soil-proof and waterproof. Saves time. Saves trouble. 10c Ask Your Dealer 25c SULLIVAN MFG. CO., INC. Camden, N. J.'

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

Two Dainty Summer Gowns

THE newest summer frocks are quaintly attractive, reminding one of the crinolines era of long ago, with their flowered dimities and touches of black velvet here and there. The shops are selling yards and yards of flowered voiles, crepes and muslins in the coolest pinks, blues and blacks, combined with white, of course. Striped patterns are next in favor, and these also come in colors. They are not the narrow one-inch stripes of last season, either; some of them are regular awning stripes, two and three inches across.

The picture today shows two pretty wash dresses, which any woman who is clever with her needle can make for herself with little trouble. The striped frock is made of pink-and-white candy-striped voile. The blouse is plain, with a strap effect over the shoulders, and a sheer vestee of white organdie. The small collar is made of embroidery and the buttons are covered with pink. The sleeves are cut three-quarters in length with two ruffles of the material forming the cuffs.

The waist line is normal, with a wide detachable girde of rose-colored moire. The skirt is double tiered, with no trimming, but contrasting bands of the striped material finished off with a narrow ruffle. The second gown is more elaborate, with its little natter blue taffeta coat, detachable for laundering purposes, of course. The skirt has an apron tunic of flowered goods, falling in a point front and back. A flat bow of black velvet ribbon is placed at the girde. The blouse under the coat is entirely complete, so that if the wearer would like to remove the little jacket it may easily be done.

Coiffure.

Of course I read the editor's note on why those women shouldn't vote. Or why they should. And glance through all the new party But to see who's suing for a heart Not understood.

Yet what I read with greatest pleasure Tells not of newest party measure, Or state affair. But, to my joy, minutely states What Fashion truly contemplates About her hair.

No sooner have I read it through Than I'm obliged to try a few Of those new styles: So straight I gather up my braid, Some pins and puffs—the latest made— And work awhile.

Perhaps I comb it all down flat And make a rounded little part Upon each ear, Then folks may whisper "Look at it!" That does not matter—not a bit—I cannot hear.

Or maybe fashion notes declare The only way to do one's hair Is all in curls; And then I hang one down my neck, Or make about a half a peck Of little whirls.

Of course, I'm very up to date, And want to vote about the State— But I don't care! If I were a man, or bald, or a frigit, Then it's possible I might— But I have hair! —Bertha Louise Ricketta, in Southern Woman's Magazine.

They Are Defending Coupons But WILBURS COCOA Stands Alone

Large advertisement for Wilbur's Cocoa, featuring multiple product images and text: 'These ultra-quality chocolate products need no defense. You pay a big price for premiums—always. They are never free. More premiums—less quality. Wilbur's Cocoa and Chocolate Products carry no coupons. They need none. The Value is all in the Wilbur Quality. People who want Purity, Quality and Delicious Flavor (and not premiums) insist on Wilbur's. Try it and know the difference. WILBUR WEEK A SURPRISE FOR YOU INSIDE Look for the above sign in your dealer's window. He has a treat for you. Ask about it. Wilbur's Products—food, drink or confection—are ground from choicest roasted cocoa beans properly blended. No adulterants. Wholesome—Healthful—Delicious! A new sensation to jaded palates. So many new ways of serving them at your party—or picnic. Ask for "Cook's Tours Through Wilburland." Free. H. O. Wilbur & Sons, Inc. Philadelphia.'